

SIGIL #43
PM

4/1/2023

6:43

SIGIL #43

**CHUCK, DALE,
DREW and ANDREW**

PAGE ONE

SPLASH

What the Hell---let's go **SUPERMAN!**

Sam is soaring down through space. He's got his fists before him and body arched with legs together in a perfect, athletic dive position.

He's dramatically lit from a source off panel. Brilliant light rays follow him down.

CAPTION: **STRPSTN--GALCARTLCTR-H-970944-PC- 91201.6-PPCNT.**

CAPTION: (TECH) "OBJECT APPROACHING 0.6 LIGHT."

CAPTION: (TECH) "SOURCE MATERIAL: ORGANIC."

CAPTION: (TECH) "POINT OF IMPACT: CONTINENT PRIME EQUATORIAL CENTER."

PAGES TWO AND THREE

INSERT PANEL ONE

He's streaking down into the atmosphere of a planet making a flaming contrail behind him like a comet.

CAPTION: (TECH) "OBJECT INITIALLY DETERMINED TO BE HUMAN."

CAPTION: (TECH) "SYSTEM CHECK REQUIRED."

BIG SPREAD

A planet in ruins. What's left of a city burns on a desert plain. Negation armored vehicles roll toward a huge transport vehicle. On an outcropping of rock in the foreground a bunch of Negation soldiers (make them any species of alien you care for, rats, bugs, crustaceans, marsupials) pause from their patrol to watch the contrail caused by Sam streak down through the sky in the distance.

CAPTION: (TECH) "PROFILE DETERMINATION SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROBABLE."

CAPTION: (TECH) "SPECIES HUMAN COULD NOT SUSTAIN PHYSICAL FORM---"

CAPTION: (TECH) "---AT VELOCITY OR HEAT LEVELS RECORDED."

INSERT PANEL TWO

Tight shot of Sam, his expression one of steely determination. He's enveloped in a flaming nimbus of a friction-induced inferno.

CAPTION: (TECH) "SUMMATION: THREAT LEVEL X."

CAPTION: (TECH) "X BEING UNKNOWN."

PAGES FOUR AND FIVE

BIG SPREAD

Where Sam strikes the planet is an enormous nuclear explosion. What doesn't turn to white hot sand is brushed away in chunks.

CAPTION: (ADMIRAL) "I DETERMINE THE THREAT ESTIMATE TO BE **NEGLIGIBLE**."

CAPTION: (ADMIRAL) "NO LIVING BEING **KNOWN** COULD SURVIVE A FALL FROM SPACE."

CAPTION: (ADMIRAL) "**DISREGARD** ALERTS."

INSERT PANEL ONE

Negation soldiers are vaporized where they stand.

INSERT PANEL TWO

A Negation tank tumbles end over end through the tsunami blast.

INSERT PANEL THREE

Negation dudes at control consoles of a ship react negatively to screens off panel.

TECH 1: um---ADMIRAL?

PAGES SIX AND SEVEN

INSERT PANEL ONE

Techs turn to a Negation admiral standing on the bridge and point to 3-D displays of the planet below and the spreading hot zone expanding from the epicenter of Sam's impact.

ADMIRAL: WHAT **NOW**?

TECH 1: **IMPACT** TO PRIME CONTINENT OF CONQUERED PLANET, ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL: HOW **EXTENSIVE** AN IMPACT?

BIG SPREAD

A Negation fleet is parked in orbit about the planet. Bulky troop ships and such. The planet's surface is mostly covered by a circular area that glows brilliantly as it grows.

CAPTION: (TECH) "COMPLETE GLOBAL DEVASTATION, ADMIRAL."

CAPTION: (TECH) "PLANET SURFACE REACHING FIVE THOUSAND KRELLS."

CAPTION: (TECH) "THAT'S **TWICE** THE HEAT OF A STAR BEFORE NOVA, ADMIRAL."

INSERT PANEL TWO

The Negation admiral looks dismayed as a brilliant glow washes over him.

ADMIRAL: (SMALL) CHARON PRESERVE US---

INSERT PANEL THREE

Repeat panel. The glow all but washes him out.

INSERT PANEL FOUR

All white panel.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

We see Holo-Roiya through a holographic star chart. She looks quizzically at a bright spot of light on the star field before her.

ROIYA: huh.

ROIYA: UNLESS MY **SYSTEMS** ARE WHACKED---A NEW **STAR** JUST APPEARED ON MY CHARTS—

ROIYA: ---IN THE **HARADI** SYSTEM.

PANEL TWO

We're on the bridge of the Bitterluck. Roiya turns to JeMerik and Zanni. JeMerik stands cool. Zanni rises from her seat.

ROIYA: WHAT COULD **CAUSE** THAT, JeMERIK?

JeMERIK: A **NUMBER** OF THINGS, ROIYA.

ZANNI: IT'S **SAM**.

ROIYA: **REALLY**, ZANNI---

PANEL THREE

Zanni reaches out to brush her fingers through the 3D image of the new star. She smiles slightly.

ZANNI: IT'S **HIM**.

ZANNI: I KNOW IT. I **FEEL** IT.

ZANNI: SET COURSE FOR HARADI---

PANEL FOUR

The Bitterluck soars through space.

FROM BITTERLUCK: (ZANNI) ---WE'RE GIVING HIM A **RIDE**.

CAPTION: (VEGA) "THIS WAS A BAD, BAD, **BAD** IDEA, LIZARD."

PAGE NINE

SPLASH

Cut to Loser and Vega in the cockpit of that hovercraft. Loser looks determined and steely. Vega is rising from his seat snarling. We're looking through the canopy at them and it's pockmarked with ray blasts and some bounce from it.

CAPTION: **STRPSTN--GALCARTLCTR-?-00000-??-000000.0-??????**

LOSER: YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE **TOUGH**, VEGA.

VEGA: TOUGH, **NOT** SUICIDAL.

LOSER: WHERE DO YOU THINK WE ARE, HUMAN?

VEGA: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF A **RIP** IN SPACE. ANOTHER **UNIVERSE**. ANOTHER **DIMENSION**.

VEGA: HOW THE BLIP AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW, SCALEBACK?

LOSER: I BELIEVE I **KNOW** OUR LOCATION.

PAGES TEN AND ELEVEN

BIG SPREAD

The hovercraft roars through the hive-type setting you established last issue, Dale. Negationoids run for cover as the hovercraft sideswipes a walkway spilling a bunch to the ground. Other Negationoids fire small arms at the hovercraft and an armored vehicle of some sort blasts away causing more damage to the surrounding hive walls.

FROM HOVERCRAFT: (LOSER) THIS IS THE **NEGATION** UNIVERSE---

FROM HOVERCRAFT: (LOSER) -THE **SOURCE** OF THE CREATURES AND WEAPONS THAT MAKE WAR ON **BOTH** OUR SPECIES.

FROM HOVERCRAFT: (VEGA) THAT'S GREAT TO **HEAR**. ANY IDEAS FOR GETTING **OUT** OF THS BUGTOWN?

FROM HOVERCRAFT: (LOSER) ONLY A **THEORY**---

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Vega is clambering up (or down) into a gun pod.

VEGA: WELL, WHY YOU WORK YOUR THEORY I'LL WORK
THE **GUNS**.

VEGA: NEGATORY UNIVERSE OR NOT---WHATEVER **LIVES**
CAN DIE.

PANEL TWO

Loser snarls as he jerks the controls back. Bright ray impacts through
light across him.

LOSER: IF THERE'S **ONE** PORTAL TO OUR REALITY—

LOSER: ---THERE **MUST** BE ANOTHER.

PANEL THREE

Vega clambers up into the gun pod and we see the complex triggers
and arrays. Keep the controls alien as this is a vehicle built by, and
for, whatever Negationoids you've been using here.

VEGA: AND I DON'T CARE **WHERE** WE POP OUT,
TCHLUSARUD.

VEGA: **ANY** PLACE IS BETTER THAN THIS!

PANEL FOUR

Vega looks out of the clear canopy of the gun pod with a wide-eyed
expression of fear. A reflection of honey-combed hive walls is on the
canopy surface.

VEGA: (SMALL) ANY PLACE---

PAGE THIRTEEN

SPLASH

The hovercraft busts out of the wall of a huge, egg shaped hive clinging to the face of a cliff on a desolate alien world. It's small to show scale. Other hives dot the landscape and elevated roadways connect them over forests of giant fungi. It's night and the sky is filled with too many stars. Or whatever. I'm blue-skying here. Go nuts. Make it alien, strange and cool.

FROM GUNPOD OF HOVERCRAFT: (VEGA, SMALL) ANY PLACE
AT ALL---

CAPTION: (ZANNI) "IT'S **BEAUTIFUL.**"

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

The Bitterluck drifts through a debris field before a brilliant new sun.

CAPTION: **STRPSTN--GALCARTLCTR-H-970944-PC- 91202.3-PPCNT.**

FROM BITTERLUCK: (ZANNI) A NEW STAR **CREATED** BY SAM.

FROM BITTERLUCK: (ROIYA) YOU MAY JUST BE **RIGHT** ABOUT THAT, ZANNI.

PANEL TWO

Holo-Roiya observes some kind of chart or graph or whatever so long as it looks complex and sci-fi. Zanni peers at a holo image of the surrounding space with Jons Mith behind her.

ROIYA: THAT'S THE PLANET **HARADI**.

ROIYA: AND THERE'S **NO** INDICATION IT WAS **EVER** GOING TO TURN INTO A NUCLEAR FURNACE LIKE THIS.

ZANNI: IT'S **SAM'S** STAR.

JONS: IS THAT WHAT WE'LL **CALL** IT FROM NOW ON?

PANEL THREE

Zanni turns with an enormous smile on her face. Jons turns as well with an arched eyebrow.

OFF PANEL: (SAM) **ACTUALLY**, JONS---

OFF PANEL: (SAM, LINKED) ---I WANTED TO NAME IT FOR **ZANNI**.

ZANNI: OH!

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

Sam is smiling and stepping onto the bridge. Zanni runs for him.

SAM: SURPRISED?

ZANNI: **SAM!**

PANEL TWO

Zanni embraces him. He's smiling.

ZANNI: IT'S BEEN SO **LONG!**

SAM: HUH? IT'S ONLY BEEN THREE **DAYS** SINCE WE SAW
EACH OTHER ON DELASSIA.

SAM: YOU COULDN'T HAVE FORGOTTEN **THAT.**

PANEL THREE

Repeat panel. Zanni pulls back from Sam with a puzzled look on her face. Sam's eyes narrow dangerously.

ZANNI: DELASSIA?

ZANNI: WHAT ARE YOU **TALKING** ABOUT? I HAVEN'T BEEN
BACK TO DELASSIA IN ALMOST TWO **YEARS.**

SAM: BUT YOU **WERE** THERE. **WE** WERE THERE. **HOW**
COULD--

PAGES SIXTEEN AND SEVENTEEN

INSERT PANEL ONE

JeMerik is smiling as he looks up from where he's lounging in some kind of reclining crash couch. He has a drink in his hand with a straw. This is his private quarters however you want to distinguish it.

OFF PANEL: (SAM) **JeMERIK!**

JeMERIK: WHY, SAMANDAH REY. HOW **GOOD** IT IS TO---

BIG SPREAD

Sam has rushed forward and lifted JeMerik from his chair with a grip on his tunic front. The drink goes flying. The crash couch is uprooted from the floor with sheered bolts flying. Zanni is the background, braced in a hatchway and looking horrified. Sam is **PISSED!** We've never seen him this angry.

SAM: IT WAS **YOU!**

SAM: IT WAS **YOU** ON DELASSIA WITH THAT **WOMAN**
FROM---FROM---

JeMERIK: FROM **EARTH**---unnh---SAM.

SAM: I DON'T **CARE** WHERE SHE'S FROM!

ZANNI: WHAT'S THIS **ABOUT?** WHO'S THIS **WOMAN?**

INSERT PANEL TWO

Sam turns to look at us over his shoulder. He has JeMerik pinned to the bulkhead with a splayed hand on JeMerik's chest. Sam is snarling.

SAM: OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND **TRICKED** ME!

SAM: HE HAD SOME CRAZY IDEA ABOUT ME AND SOME
ALIEN **FEMALE** SAVING THE **UNIVERSE**.

JeMERIK: HER NAME IS **CAPRICIA** AND I WAS TELLING THE
TRUTH.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

JeMerik frowns at Sam who smiles humorlessly at him. JeMerik is still pinned.

SAM: I DON'T KNOW **HOW** YOU DID IT—

JeMERIK: YOU'RE BEING **DIFFICULT**, SAM.

SAM: I HAVEN'T EVEN **STARTED**, YOU MEDDLING **JERK!**

PANEL TWO

Sam's power makes stringy tendrils of the ship's hull emerge around JeMerik to bind him.

JeMERIK: THIS IS ALL REALLY QUITE **POINTLESS**, FRIEND.

SAM: I'M NO FRIEND OF **YOURS**. I **TOLD** YOU AND YOUR GIRL PAL I WASN'T INTERESTED.

PANEL THREE

Sam turns from the entirely bound JeMerik to speak to Zanni who looks at Sam uncomprehending.

ZANNI: WHAT IS THIS **ABOUT**? WHAT DID JeMERIK **DO**? WHAT DID **YOU** DO, SAM?

SAM: I WAS **TRICKED**. I DIDN'T **KNOW**. JeMERIK USED HIS POWERS TO MAKE ME THINK THIS OTHER WOMAN WAS **YOU**.

ZANNI: AND WHAT **HAPPENED**, SAM?

PANEL FOUR

Sam shields Zanni from brilliant light that emerges from gaps in the binding about JeMerik.

JeMERIK: (FROM GLOW) ONLY THE FIRST **STEP** TOWARD ULTIMATE VICTORY OVER A **POWERFUL** FOE.

JeMERIK: (FROM GLOW) TO PRODUCE THE ONE WHO WILL **TRIUMPH** A UNION HAD TO BE MADE.

ZANNI: UNION?

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Large panel.

JeMerik stands encased in metal armor he's fashioned from the metal that Sam encased him in. He looks very angry.

JeMERIK: TO WIN THE DAY **SACRIFICES** MUST BE MADE.

JeMERIK: FRANKLY, I DO NOT **UNDERSTAND** THIS ANGER TOWARD ME, SAM.

JeMERIK: FOR REASONS I CANNOT FATHOM, I FEEL AS THOUGH I **SHARE** THIS ANGER OF YOURS.

PANEL TWO

Sam stands head-to-head with him with fists clenched.

SAM: YOU WANT TO **FIGHT** ME, JeMERIK?

JeMERIK: IT IS A STRUGGLE ENTIRELY WITHOUT REASON BUT—

JeMERIK: YES. I **DO**.

PANEL THREE

Zanni calls out to them as they do the Mexican Standoff.

ZANNI: YOU CAN'T **DO** THIS!

ZANNI: A FIGHT BETWEEN YOU TWO WOULD **DESTROY** THE BITTERLUCK!

PANEL FOUR

JeMerik has retained his composure and smiles slightly in close-up.

JeMERIK: ZANNI IS **RIGHT**.

JeMERIK: THAT LEAVES ONLY **ONE** COURSE OF ACTION, SAMANDAH REY.

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

Sam is left staring at the place where JeMerik **was** a moment before.
Zanni is behind him.

SAM: **GONE.**

SAM: THE **COWARD.**

ZANII: JeMERIK WAS MAKING SENSE. A LOT MORE THAN
YOU ARE, SAM.

ZANNI: WHAT **HAPPENED** ON DELASSIA?

PANEL TWO

Sam turns to her and takes one of her hands in his.

SAM: YOU **KNOW** THAT I LOVE YOU.

ZANNI: SAM?

SAM: YOU **HAVE** TO KNOW THAT, ZANNI.

PANEL THREE

They speak. Sam is earnest and Zanni looks frightened.

SAM: OF ALL THE THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED TO ME I
THINK THIS IS THE **WORST.**

ZANNI: JUST **TELL** ME, SAM.

SAM: I **BETRAYED** YOU. I DIDN'T **KNOW** I WAS DOING IT.
JeMERIK CAME TO ME AND---

PANEL FOUR

Jons is braced in the doorway as though he's just rushed up. He
speaks to the pair of them in an urgent manner.

JONS: HATE TO BREAK THIS **UP**, PEOPLE---

JONS: ---BUT WE GOT **BIG** TROUBLE!

SIGIL #43
PM

4/1/2023

6:43

PAGES TWENTY ONE and TWENTY TWO

BIG SPREAD

A Planetary Union fleet of warships completely encircles the Bitterluck which looks teeny-tiny surrounded by these behemoth ships.

ELECTRONIC: HAILING **THE BITTERLUCK.**

ELECTRONIC: THIS IS **ADMIRAL UMPALA** OF THE MAIN PLANETARY UNION BATTLE FLEET.

ELECTRONIC: MAKE **NO** EFFORT TO ESCAPE OR POWER UP DEFENSES.

ELECTRONIC: IS **COMMANDER SAMAND AHL REY** ABOARD?

FROM BITTERLUCK: (SAM) I **AM.**

PAGE TWENTY TWO

SPLASH

Sam, Zanni, Holo-Roiya and Jons Mith stand before an enormous holo-projection of Admiral Umpala (the dude with the half-plexiglass face) looking stern.

ELECTRONIC: WORD REACHED THE PLANETARY COUNCIL OF YOUR FORCED **EVACUATION** OF DELASSIA.

ELECTRONIC: **AND** THE UNAUTHORIZED DESTRUCTION OF HADRADI.

ELECTRONIC: YOU ARE HEREBY **RELIEVED** OF ALL POWERS GRANTED BY YOUR RANK.

ELECTRONIC: YOU WILL COME WITH US ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP TO **RETURN** TO GAIA.

INSERT PANEL

Closer in on Umpala looking grim and angry. "Real" shot not a display.

UMPALA: I **KNOW** YOU COULD DESTROY THIS BATTLEFLEET WITH A **SHRUG**, SAM.

UMPALA: I'M TRUSTING YOU TO **COOPERATE** JUST AS YOU MUST KNOW WE'LL ALL DIE OBEYING OUR ORDERS TO BRING YOU IN.

THE END OF SIGIL #43

SIGIL #43
PM

4/1/2023

6:43